52, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

1 April 38

Friday

Apl 1 38

Found after you had gone: & heartily ashamed: in
gratitude for the kind & unforgetting visit,
which I would also return, but must be
asked: is that that.

But what about celebrating
the 50th anniversary together by
Eating a really good dinner?

Monks House for a week or
Thursday. V.

11th April Monday 38

back anyhow you might have sent the
train list. After Easter, in the sun, your
mood may melt - what with the warm
wonk stimulant &c. After Easter,
I may be asked. After Easter — but I can't
continue the list, hung in a hurry: I
only write to say. If mine an Exact
account of the Bournemouth orchestra
affair, might I have it: in case I could
use it: not that I suppose I can: but
has the paper printed it? If it's
handy, no trouble post it me. And
I'll write a long long letter all about
Love &c &c these days. Appreciati-
ations for your renewal
And the dinner?
So to bathe?

I often think to day that Maynard Keynes is being cured by your Plesch, whom he says is the greatest Jeneer that ever lived.

Monk's House,
Rodmell,
near Lewes,
Sussex.

14th April.

Yes, I was going to write to you, but then Leonard got influenza: then I got influenza: you know how that hovered letter sick & disease sucks my brain. This is my first attempt at a letter, & its to you, & that shows how deeply I trust you, for you're the only one of my friends who will take the trouble to read such a scrimp of a hand. (why have) no pens — & why is my ink brownish? Have flies died in the pot? When I shook, some sort of matter emerges). So I'm really asking for a letter from you. Just to add to how difficult this is to write under this pall! We turn on the wireless & no on. And but all living happily till its lettered one way or tother. But its useless going on putting off. And now the

NYPL

Rota 2, 4, 63

war seems hateful again for another week.
I am reading Nicholas Nickleby. When woken
by aeroplanes at night I read. Ethel Smyth —
Streams of Memory. So soon have your
new rubbers ready now. For I can almost go on
when I open — have to turn the Page to
find a fresh paragraph. I'm starting evening
re-writing Roger. Friends go on discovering
new packets of telling. It's like making a
dress that always lacks a new arm or leg when
in the Vat. But as drudgery it's wholesome.
I say Ethel what a happy life you had — in the
very cream & marrow of the 19th Century.
I had a ~~glimpse~~ a glimpse too, but not a long look.
I say Ethel .... well, we shall be back in 10 days —
perhaps may meet. Only there already
pulling down the house next door; the rats are
escaping, & the dust rolling. How can I do
with that uproar? — Find me a garret somewhere.
And think of dull Cowper's library! why have
the powers so much added to them? I will write a
long letter & you will answer this & wish it. And
are you writing? Plays? Golf?
And the dog? And Mary?

V.

all this letter

M.H.

Saturday 23rd. April 1938

I hope my wire arrived, made sparkly, loves + congratulations. And it admitted my fault — I mean, looking hastily I skipped a week, — thought it was next Saturday. At the same time, I don't think, considering the very modified joy with which you received the proposal (re postcard) that I was wrong in assuming that you'd be glad to be spared the bitter disappointment" involved me. Such, if you are disappointed, I would like to celebrate the wrong day, what's to hinder? Oh dear, how mistaken I always seem to be! Only your postcard were very veiled, I assure you.

However, faults or not, here's my

health to you in ink. Surely Time strives
with that legend that Shakespeare
wrote the Sonnets; ah but you'll say,
She had a heart: so have I: only
not liquid; compact: congealed; studied:
solid however. Only at this moment
rather lacerated by Ottoline's death:
Can't help feeling a queer loneliness
frantic at heart from Philip,
& write about her in the Times —
How I hate that! — but must, I suppose.

To one more, forgive:
& dear Ethel continue to love —
to forgive another 50 years
for the sake of your distracted
Virginia who will certainly require
your living & forgiving as long
as she lives.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

52 Tavistock Square.

18th June. 38

Ethel you're a trump. A heart of gold under a somewhat charming Exterior. They will be overjoyed. And I've told them you might add a book or two. If you know which you want to shed, write the titles on a card & send to Mrs Woolf, Librarian, 29 Markham St. SW1. Then we crammed they have to choose which to borrow. I think it's almost the only salutary diversion for stray guineas, because [illegible] the readers are [illegible] books at home, working all day, eager to know anthg & everything. & a very nice room, with a fire even, & a chair or two, if provided. We were as usual, under your Spencer, as were in Goethe's & as good as gold. I'm rather surprised, all the same, at taking your money.

X I will send you 3 guineas (the book

only I mean) tomorrow. I had it meant to, as it only
repeats the gist, with facts to prove it, not
fiction; & is a hurried piece of work — though it was
hard work collecting the facts — & you won't like it
or agree with it. So lets say no more about
it.

I am also to thank you for the letter about
Scotland. It comes in the nick of time, as there are
difficulties about Skye, — we think of combining our selves
to Scotland. Your nephew is a very kind good man to
have troubled. — with you thank him? a thousand?!

X Another friend has died suddenly on a Cornish moor.
Mean me, I can't keep pace with all these deaths.
& so count on you to keep on the sunny side of the
grave a little longer. X We are going to M-H.
today, because I have to inspect the village school.
There are too many things to do. On the sunny side, but
such is the .... I can't finish what I meant to say,
because L-ray I must pack. And die all
Rosen letter to tie up & take. But I will
later a just enemy at Rudmell, write a long
long letter. a love letter, one of the very
truest. the very rare the very few
& to you.

V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63